

Topeka State Journal

By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN. (Entered July 1, 1876, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kas., under the act of congress.)

VOLUME XXXVIII, No. 48

Official State Paper. Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka, or suburbs, or at homes given in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.

BELL TELEPHONE. Business Office, 307-309. Reporters' Room, 307-309. INDEPENDENT TELEPHONES. Private branch exchange, Call 307 and 309.

PERMANENT HOME. Topeka State Journal building, 609 and 611 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.

FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

Because the paving bill of Topeka against the state of Kansas is an old one is about the poorest excuse that could be advanced why it should not be paid.

If Congressman Hobson had been permitted to have his way it is likely that the new treaty between Japan and the United States would have been turned into a declaration of war.

From the public standpoint, the only regrettable thing about the interstate commerce commission's decisions in freight rate cases is the likelihood that Lawyer Brandeis and his friends will do a good deal of crowing.

The millennium being still in the far distant future, it is scarcely probable any one hereabouts has held to the idea that Senators Curtis and Bristow would ever be able to agree on the distribution of the important federal patronage in Kansas.

Kansas appears to be falling behind. She has lost another record. The youngest mayor of a city in this country is Boyd B. Stutler, who became the chief magistrate of Grantville, W. Va., on February 15. He is only twenty-one years old.

That measure seeking to regulate employment agencies so that the fake concerns of this sort can be driven out of business, which has passed the senate, has everything to recommend it, and should receive favorable consideration in the house.

The Kansas legislature is as yet far from being up to the standards which prevail in congress. The only personal encounter between members that has happened in the former was pulled off in the privacy of a committee room, while in the latter, fistfights have been indulged in by members on the floor of the house of representatives during a regular session.

Even staid, old England seems to be poaching on the preserves of Kansas. A whirlwind picked up a young girl near London the other day and when it dropped her from a height of thirty feet she was crushed to death. Heretofore all the cyclones and whirlwinds in existence were supposed to maintain their habitat exclusively in Kansas. At least, some people so insisted.

They seem to do most things differently in Russia. In this country when public authority makes an effort to get at the books of any of the large corporations, a long drawn out lawsuit is the result and just as like as not it ends with the corporation keeping its books locked up in its safe. When they want to look at the books of a corporation in Russia, the police go around and unceremoniously seize them.

Every once in a while something comes to the front to prove that the wise men of Wall street are not nearly as smart as they may be. The impression that they always give information away in advance as to how important governmental questions are going to be settled at Washington. For several weeks past they have been insisting that there was no doubt that the interstate commerce commission would make decisions in the freight rate cases favorable to the railroads. But just the opposite occurred.

American residents in Japan are of the opinion that the people of that country entertain the most cordial and friendly sentiments toward the government and the people of the United States. But take it from Hobson, Congressman-Captain, Much-Kissed Hobson, who hasn't been near Japan for several years, the Japanese are ready at less than an instant's notice to fly at the throat of the United States. And it's a good thing Hobson has stayed away from Japan. He has been arrested and hanged for a spy, because he has more inside information about the preparations of Japan for war, than the Japanese seem to have themselves.

As it is explained by the New York Tribune: The new name which, by a prestidigitator of the trade, has replaced the old one is an inspiration. As the "trousers skirt"—it—should properly say they?—would not go to have a difference that in French it is called "jupe culotte" which means about the same thing. The French are a logical race, and whether logic leads them to a revolution or to a truthful

name for a new fashion they follow it unthinkingly. The matrimonial tri-angie exists, why not write fiction about it? The new fashion is a skirt and a bifurcated garment; why not call it a "jupe culotte"? So the French. But Anglo-Saxondom shrinks back, whether it be from revolutions, "triangles" or "trouser skirts." But call it "harem skirt," and if it ever had a chance to gain the day it had them!

A REAL PHILANTHROPY. Something unique in the line of philanthropic endeavor has been proposed by General T. Colman DuPont of Wilmington, Delaware, who happens to be one of the wealthiest men in that commonwealth. There is in it that which will likely be hailed with joy by the people of that state. Perhaps, too, it will be a valuable suggestion to other men of vast fortunes who seem disposed to devote portions of their fortunes for the benefit of their fellowmen.

General DuPont plans, if he gets the necessary permission from the Delaware legislature, to spend \$1,500,000 or more, if necessary, in the construction of a most modern good road throughout the entire north and south length of Delaware. This road would be one hundred miles long and one hundred feet wide, and would be built to last for all time. And if General DuPont is permitted to build this road he will present it in fee simple to the state.

What a monument such a road would be to the memory of General DuPont and to his wisdom and discernment? But above and beyond that what an almost priceless acquisition it would be to the people of Delaware. A road of this sort running the length or the breadth of any state in the Union would mean as much or more in the development of the state, not to mention the activity that might be undertaken. It would be certain to stimulate the building of good roads on the part of the people, either through state or local agencies, to connect with such a magnificent boulevard so that the greatest possible number of people could enjoy its advantages.

Indeed, this DuPont philanthropy seems to be the very best variety that has yet been indulged in by any of the many moneyed men who have given millions and millions to this and that project, even though many of them are most admirable. There is more to commend such an undertaking as General DuPont has in mind than the service that such a road would be to the people after it had been completed. Think of the work it would provide for great numbers of men during the course of its construction. Why, if other millionaires were disposed to follow the lead taken by General DuPont, and especially in states where the population is most congested, quite a bit of the problem of the unemployed.

SYNDICATES IN GERMANY. "German, unlike American, banks have direct participation in industrial enterprise," says Eimer Roberts in the March Scribner in an article entitled "German Goodwill Toward Trusts." "The bank that gives extensive credit to a manufacturing company has shares in the company and a representative on the board. Thus the bank has relation to production that simplifies the organization of syndicates and maintains them, because the banks are able to cat with solidarity upon and with the promoters of industry. Writers and public men in Germany like to repeat that 'trusts' do not exist in their country. Certain enormous businesses, such as the Allgemeine Elektricitats-Gesellschaft or the Krupp gun and armor works, in their monopolistic character, are quietly disregarded. Production and distribution, however, are controlled by syndicates so organized that the policy of the participating business is made over to the executive of the syndicate, thus having an essential characteristic of trusts. The percentage of production is shared by the directing committee, the selling is done by the syndicate alone, and the syndicate board is, in most syndicates, supplied by each member in advance with signed checks to be filled in with penalties for nonobservance of the contract obligations. The syndicate, organized as an independent company with which the members make contracts, may be compared to the American holding company, and in this form it has a status before the law and a long record of legal existence dating back to the middle of the last century. The means for binding members indissolubly to the central organization have been perfected to a degree unknown in the United States or in England. The breakdown of the old policy system in the United States was chiefly due to the laxness of the contracts, and their constant violation by less scrupulous members. The trust in America replaced the pool in Germany any disregard of the syndicate contract is almost certain to be discovered and penalized. The continued disregard of syndicate contract obligations would probably bring about the financial ruin of the delinquent."

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE SCORE. Solomon may have been the wisest man that the world has yet looked upon, but he now appears to have a real competitor for those honors in the person of Mr. J. F. Donohue, a city father of Wilkesbarre, Pa. In that town the individual aldermen have powers similar to those conferred on police judges in other localities. Petty criminals and misdemeanants are examined by them, and the requisite punishment administered.

Among those who were arraigned before Alderman Donohue recently was one Marlan Chappelle, a demure and attractive miss from that equally demure New York balliwick, known as Brooklyn. During her stay in Wilkesbarre, Miss Chappelle had wrought terrific havoc among many and diverse young men of the town with her "laughing eyes." They became so infatuated that they little else than tag her around. Finally, the mother of

one of these callow youths had the young woman arrested on a technical charge of disorderly conduct. The young man in the case had fallen a willing victim to the "laughing eyes" and so greatly had he become affected that his mother thought the young woman who manipulated those eyes was deserving of punishment.

But between the fair criminal and the rock pile stood Alderman Donohue, and a chivalrous judge he proved to be. "It is no crime for a woman to have pretty eyes," was his judgment, "and there is no law to govern the 'laughing eyes.'" He went further. "We are glad to have such a captivating person in our community," he said to Miss Chappelle, "and, indeed, we owe you a debt of gratitude for keeping our young men out of bad habits by making them think they are in love with you."

And didn't the distinguished Donohue hit a prominent nail on the head? If it were not for the young girls in the world with their laughing eyes, there would be many more young men traveling fast on their way to the dogs. Ever since Eve had her memorable mix-up with the apple there has been a disposition on the part of many to blame women for most of the untoward events that have happened. They are ever being characterized as the powers behind the throne in most of the crimes that are committed by men.

As a matter of fact, though, it does good influence of women, but it does more than any one thing, or all other things put together, to keep the men in the straight and narrow path.

That Alderman Donohue, with the mantle of ermine falling from his shoulders, should finally arrive in all the majesty of another Solomon and give judicial recognition to this important fact is significant of the times. The daughters of Eve are gradually coming into their own.

A MATTER OF RIGHT. The Kansas legislature having very properly placed the woman suffrage question on the ballot, and invited the voters the Dispatch desires to go on record as favoring its adoption—not as a matter of sentiment, nor as a matter of courtesy, nor as a matter of advisability, but as a plain matter of right. And right wrongs no man.—Clay Center Dispatch.

GERMANY, NEW AND OLD. The new German census is complete so far as the Kingdom of Prussia is concerned, which has 49,157,573 inhabitants, an increase of 5,635,044 in ten years. Germany takes a census every five years, but there is an increase in the last half of the decade was but slightly more than that of the first half. Nevertheless, Prussia alone has more people than France or the island of Great Britain, and the four other empires will probably be about 8,000,000.

Since 1870 Germany has surpassed every other country in Europe in most forms of material growth. She has become a mighty power in trade and finance, her army is probably the strongest in the world, she has built and rebuilt splendid cities, her place on the map is large, and yet there are complaints even from the Germans themselves.

For centuries the Germans were a race of idealists. They gave to the world mighty thinkers and began the great modern movements. Liberty was an inheritance from the ancient Teutons, who never yielded to Rome, and it flourished in the Free Cities of the empire when the rest of Europe was in the hands of the feudal lords. Luther came out of Germany to change the religion of half the white world, and in the first half of the nineteenth century Germany was full of men of genius. Now it is full of men of business.—New York World.

A DISAPPEARING TYPE. A recent was made Wednesday by a Duluth financier, the fact that a few of the depositors in the new postal savings bank were that class of persons who are governed by a senseless fear of any and all the regular banks. That there are a few of this type yet abroad is further shown by a dispatch from Milford Del., relating how a native of that section, having accumulated \$1,200 and "having no faith in banks," buried his wealth in an earthen jar in a secluded portion of his farm, and toward some forty years brought him the jar, which had been dug from the ground by his dogs, but even that failed to cure him and he buried it again. "He is now spending most of his days digging up his farm and most of his nights worrying lest some one else, observing his search, may bury him."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE PLAQUE IN CHINA. By all odds the most calamitous happening in the world at the present time is the spread of plague in China in epidemic and extremely fatal form. There seems to be but little attempt to take any of the co-operative preventive measures, either upon the part of officials in the provinces of Mongolia and Manchuria, where it is creating the greatest havoc, or upon the part of the government at Peking. The government has solicited the advice of foreign experts as to the means of prevention, but there appears to be no machinery of sanitary department in existence in the empire.

There is, besides, a dead weight of passive fatalism among the mass of the people, who will do nothing for themselves and who are suspicious and distrustful of the offered aid of foreign doctors or missionaries. What may be done to help people who will not help themselves is perhaps the puzzling humanitarian problem of the time. The type of the disease is in its most deadly pneumonic form. The density of population, the squallor of the villages, the swiftness of rate and the absence of all proper medical or police direction conspire to aggravate the horrors of the situation. At present, seems so futile as to take on the appearance of hardihood.—Philadelphia Record.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. [From the New York Press.] Orange blossoms at the altar; then orange widows. Widows seem to have learned how to be innocent just from experience. They say how women like to talk, but any woman knows enough to keep still about the meals.

The more times a man tells the same funny story, the more his wife the more he wonders why she hasn't any sense of humor.

It takes a woman to start to put something in a letter, write sixteen pages, mail it, and then remember she forgot to put in any of the things she wrote it for.

KANSAS COMMENT

CARNEGIE'S 47 MILLION AIRRES. An interesting census has just been made of the number of millionaires whose fortunes can be attributed to Andrew Carnegie's business friendship. Pittsburgh people say that 47 can be counted.

People who regret bitterly their own want of success, of life sometimes fall to thinking of the vast fortunes are won by taking desperate chances. Most millionaires have probably at various times taken hazards so great that un-expected happenings they would have been buried under everlasting bankruptcy.

If you bought 100 shares of solid railroad stocks at par, the limit of profit you could expect under the most favorable conditions, would perhaps be about 20 points, or \$2,000. If you owned the same 100,000 to buy 10,000 shares on a one point margin, there would be a chance of making a million. But under ordinary conditions you would soon be in the bankruptcy court with the assets of 20 cents and liabilities of \$5,000,000.

Most normal people prefer a bird in the hand to one chance in 10,000 of securing a bag full in the bush.—Aitchison Champion.

FROM OTHER PENS

GERMANY, NEW AND OLD. The new German census is complete so far as the Kingdom of Prussia is concerned, which has 49,157,573 inhabitants, an increase of 5,635,044 in ten years.

Since 1870 Germany has surpassed every other country in Europe in most forms of material growth. She has become a mighty power in trade and finance, her army is probably the strongest in the world, she has built and rebuilt splendid cities, her place on the map is large, and yet there are complaints even from the Germans themselves.

For centuries the Germans were a race of idealists. They gave to the world mighty thinkers and began the great modern movements. Liberty was an inheritance from the ancient Teutons, who never yielded to Rome, and it flourished in the Free Cities of the empire when the rest of Europe was in the hands of the feudal lords.

There is, besides, a dead weight of passive fatalism among the mass of the people, who will do nothing for themselves and who are suspicious and distrustful of the offered aid of foreign doctors or missionaries.

What may be done to help people who will not help themselves is perhaps the puzzling humanitarian problem of the time. The type of the disease is in its most deadly pneumonic form.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. [From the New York Press.] Orange blossoms at the altar; then orange widows.

Widows seem to have learned how to be innocent just from experience. They say how women like to talk, but any woman knows enough to keep still about the meals.

The more times a man tells the same funny story, the more his wife the more he wonders why she hasn't any sense of humor.

It takes a woman to start to put something in a letter, write sixteen pages, mail it, and then remember she forgot to put in any of the things she wrote it for.

AWAY.

I said to my heart one day as I lay. Where the wind of the west blew in; And I drank no more of the city's din, I will up and away.

Where the barbed dance on the hills, And the long free spaces are; Where life is life, in the mill of the mills It is only dust and tar.

And I plunged into the solitude, And I swam apart for the seas, And I gave my soul to the wonder of it.

To the winds and the woods, And the winds that never a man's cheek knew, And I sought heights where silence reigns, And sank my heart in the boundless view; Ah, God, the plains, the plains!

But often now as I lie where the sky Goes up from the leagues of grass, And the night climbs high, I see far away the lights of the bay Where the long free spaces are, And I know that the city is out at her play, And it washes my pulse like wine.

Grass and grass and grass forever! Sky and sky and nothing more! To be cast on a desolate shore Where life comes never! Only and feed with the steer and the steed.

To go round and round on the range! To go round and round on the range! Dear God, for a change, for a change!—Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, in Hampton's Magazine.

LINCOLN'S EDUCATION. It is common for some persons to speak of Lincoln as an uneducated man. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true that he never took a course in college, that he never graduated from any university; but few men have had a finer education, using the term in its broadest and best sense.

We are apt to think that education comes only from absorbing the knowledge that is in books, from memorizing what other people have learned. This is one form of education, the most popular and the easiest. Abraham Lincoln also had such education in books. There were eight volumes which he devoured in youth. He had the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress" for religion, a history of the United States and a "Life of Washington" for politics, Aesop's Fables and Robinson Crusoe for literature, and the Statutes of Indiana and Euclid for science.

This does not seem to be a very large library, but there are few men who know them so well as did Abraham Lincoln. As one speaker at the current dinner in his honor remarked, "Lincoln's education was not in books, but in the life of the people."

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

If every man were well grounded in these, the world would be more solidly educated men today than exist in spite of all our universities. In the career of Lincoln one may trace the influence of each one of these books. For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

For his university education he did the same with Shakespeare and Plutarch.

THE EVENING STORY

The Jade Bracelet. (By Philip Keen.) They were looking over teapots when they came upon a circle of dull green laid out on a square of black satin.

"Good luck," said the fat, sleek oriental behind the counter. Phyllis coveted it from the moment her eyes rested upon it. Nothing else in the store had any charms for her. Even the teapots, fat little silver things with irises for decoration, had no charm.

Marion tried to interest her in ivory carvings, but Phyllis would wander back from these things to the little corner where the strange jewelry of the East was laid out.

"You see, I need something to bring me good luck," Phyllis said to Marion. "Everything has gone wrong with me for months. But the price was prohibitive. When Phyllis heard it she sighed and pushed the bracelet away. "That settles it," she said, "but it is a beauty."

The big Chinaman tried to make a bargain. He came down on dollars and then two, but Phyllis shook her head.

"It would take the price of a star," she said, and not comprehending, he shrugged his shoulders, and laid the bracelet back on the square of black satin.

"If only I were sure of selling a story," Phyllis said to Marion when they came out of the incense scented shop. "I might venture some extravagance, but I have lost my grip. I can't think of a plot, and my style is atrocious."

When they reached home the two girls had a frugal supper, and then Phyllis began to write. After an hour she wrote up all that she had written and began afresh. "The Jade Bracelet." The warm, fragrant, dim atmosphere of the little shop was upon her as she wrote a tale of mystery and of vivid interest.

"If I sell it," she said, "I'll buy the bracelet." "You'd better buy the bracelet," said Marion. "You'd better buy the bracelet, and marry Dick Kenton."

Phyllis looked at her speculatively. "I can't imagine a worse fate than marrying Dick Kenton; that is why I want the jade bracelet. It may ward off a day when I shall get desperate and tired of working hard, and agree to marry a man for his money."

"It is a pity that John Hughes isn't rich," said Marion. "Phyllis looked at her reproachfully. "If John Hughes would ask me to marry him," she said, solemnly, "he wouldn't have to have money."

"He loves you," Marion told her. "Then why doesn't he tell me so?" Phyllis remanded.

"Oh, pride," Phyllis said. "Why would that stand in the way? Haven't he brains and energy? And we could both write, and if my stories didn't sell, his would, or when he failed in inspiration perhaps that would be the moment of my triumphs."

"He feels that you are going to surpass him," said Marion. "And he is sure of himself. He doesn't want to drag you down, he says."

"Men are queer creatures," said Phyllis, as she began to copy her story, "but I'll write up the ring of the telephone." "Over the wire John Hughes asked if he might come and have a talk with her."

"I've written a story," he explained, "and it is a corker. I want your opinion on it. It is called 'The Jade Bracelet.'"

Phyllis uttered a sharp exclamation. "Called what?" she demanded. He repeated the name, and after a moment's silence she said, "Bring it over."

She hung up the receiver and turned to Marion. "It is the strangest coincidence."

"What are you going to do about it?" Marion asked when she heard the ring. "There isn't any other name that will do for my story," Phyllis said, "but I'll let him read his, and perhaps he can suggest some title that I can use. I hate to spoil my story."

"It is a bit weird," Marion stated, "to have you both choose the same title."

"I wonder where he found his," was Phyllis's response. When John Hughes came over he read a story to them that made Phyllis gasp with wonder.

"Where did you get your idea?" she asked. He stammered and stopped. "I can't tell you," he said, "not to-night. Wait until next week." Phyllis demanded.

"He laughed. "There is a reason," Phyllis said. "Don't let your curiosity overpower you. He must have opened her desk and took out her own story. 'Read that,' she said."

"He looked at the title in wonder. 'Why—how?' he demanded. "I had written it before you told me of yours," Phyllis explained. "It is telepathy or what, John Hughes' is the strangest coincidence."

"I told her," she said. "I might as well tell you. I was in a little Chinese shop this morning, and on a square of black satin there was a jade bracelet. No man had been back to that bracelet. It was an expensive thing, but I rashly squandered my last penny and bought it for my own. And now you've made me produce it prematurely. I want you to have it because the Chinaman said it would bring good luck."

"It is the very same bracelet," Phyllis said. "Why, Marion, it is the same bracelet, and he must have bought it in the same shop."

"What they have matched their experiences John Hughes said: 'Let me read your story.'"

He found it a wonderful little piece of cameo work, unlike his own, yet no less wonderful. "Phyllis," he said solemnly, "you and I have never written such stories, and we cannot sell them both under the same title. What are we going to do about it?"

"I might call mine 'The Green Circle,'" said Phyllis, but Hughes wasn't to be outdone in generosity. "Let me change my title," he said. "The Bracelet That Brought Good Luck." But practical Marion had a better suggestion.

"The pay you will get for those two stories," she said, "will net you a nice little nestegg. Any old name will do, but the important thing is that you two should understand that this isn't a coincidence, it is fate."

"You mean?" asked John. "I mean," said Marion, "that after this your pride and Phyllis' poverty should be forgotten, in order to make sure of the results in case a plebiscite composing that disputed territory, Peru has never been able to pay the money, and Chile has systematically colonized the states, in order to make sure of the results in case a plebiscite should be demanded by Peru.—Nevin O. Winter, in the World Today.

"I'd Like to Think of It," said John slowly, "if I dared."

Then Phyllis came to the rescue. "Why not dare?" she asked scornfully. "Am I so formidable, John?" "Then Marion slipped out and left them. When she came back the jade bracelet was on Phyllis' arm.

"It is a funny sort of an engagement ring," said Phyllis, "but I like it better than the other kind." (Copyrighted 1911 by Associated Literary Press.)

HUMOR OF THE DAY

It was after his fifteenth disappointment that the bill collector collected his thoughts and remarked: "It is strange how many doorbells are out of order along about the first of every month."—Judge.

"Uncle—My dear boy, it's a fact that the bacilli on paper money have caused many a death before now. Nephew—Well, uncle, you might let me have a few notes. I'm in a bit of a fix—legende Blacter.

"What do you think of the new problem?" "It is absolutely nothing," replied Miss Cayenne. "It was bad enough to see it, without thinking about it."—Washington Star.

Feminine Voter (at a meeting)—I'm not prejudiced at all. I'm going with a perfectly open and unbiased mind to listen to what I'm convinced is pure rubbish.—Black and White.

"An easy job will suit me, senator." "If you are winding the clocks every week?" "I might as well do that as what's the matter with tearing the leaves out of calendars every month?"—Washington Herald.

"Then this," asked the rejected suitor, "is absolutely final?" "The answer is, 'No, please,' answered the young man. "Yes, please," answered the suitor. "Then some day you'll be a serial in them I can use again."—Tit-Bits.

She—So you've staff artist on the Daily Whirl? Why, I never saw your name on anything. He—Oh, I haven't got that far on it. They may let me make the cross to show where the accident occurred.—Chicago News.

Queer—Reuben—Joah says that city feller gave him a hundred an' some odd dollars for the cause of his'n. Sile—You ain't heard the hull of it. When he took them dollars to the bank he found they was all odd.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"My wife is always borrowing trouble." "What kind of trouble is the borrowing now?" "She is afraid her husband will be in style when our little boy grows up, so that he will not have a chance to show the cunning dim in his chin."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Teacher—Now, Earlie, tell us when is the harvest season? Earlie—From November to March. Teacher—Why, Earlie, I am surprised that you should know such barren months. Who told you they were the harvest season? Earlie—Pa. He's a plumber.—Milwaukee News.

Mrs. Blueblood—John, who was that man who just asked to see the work of art? "Yes, so do I." Replied her hostess, as they were passing from the gallery, "only both are blue blooded, and I thought it meant it for a cow."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday school superintendent, "can you tell me what was that that caused the prophet Elias to go up?" "Yeth, thir," said Johnny, "it was the Payne tariff bill."—Harper's Weekly.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.] Men spend entirely too much time hunting matches. A bird dog has a lot of enthusiasm, but doesn't accomplish much.

Some men roost automobiles one day, and buy a machine the next. The three swiftest runners are the kangaroo, the ostrich and the dollar.

No large family, except a preacher's, can have regular hours for meals. Is it proper to say that a girl's friends are pleased to hear of her marriage?

What has become of the old-fashioned man who always wore his hat in the house? A Coolidge man eats catnip on pie, having failed to attract attention in any other way.

Preachers and congressmen hear very little complaint about the length of their vacations. You can't love anyone so much you won't wish, occasionally, that you could be left alone.

If you must be sick it is a good idea to select your own disease; spring fever for ours. Some people's idea of a thoroughly worthless woman is one who isn't handy around a sick room.

A certain Atchison man may edge his way into heaven, but we'll bet he'll get a harp that's out of tune. Every married man marvels